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*Communism  
Socialism and  
Christianity*

University of Michigan

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# Socialism and Christianity

SOBER THOUGHTS  
FOR ALL WHO ARE CONCERNED IN THE WELFARE OF  
OUR INDUSTRY

BY  
H. CHEROUNY



*Obtainable for 15 Cents of the Printer*

HENRY CHEROUNY, 17-27 Vandewater Street, New York.

1882.



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New York

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**"And for this cause, God shall send them strong  
delusion, that they should believe a Lie."**

Bible: 2 Thess., 2:11.

**A**BOUT thirty years ago, some European workmen and erudite doctors appeared in America, bringing with them the seeds of an oriental plant—Socialism. These seeds were cast upon the hot-beds of our large cities and, being nourished by national calamities, produced a flower of so strange a nature that many dread the fruits which it may bear.

Learned men, especially economists, have filled pages of their books with descriptions of the effects of Socialism, and every weapon of human wit and wisdom has been employed in argument against it. In vain—the plant still grows.

This fact, as well as the impossibility of bringing home to learned or illiterate Socialists the simplest truths regarding human institutions, should convince careful observers that Socialism has its roots in *the human will*—a blind natural force, a power which can overrule the intellect and render it impervious to reason.

Since Socialism promises to end human sufferings as far as they come from want; and since its precepts give general direction to volition and determine the scope of all ideas of right and wrong: *we may class it among the religious systems* which from time to time were propagated among men, with the promise to make them happier than they had been before, provided their precepts, however strange, were obeyed.

*It is true that the socialists are not a religious system, but they are a religion.*

Hence it is that Socialism cannot be eradicated by the power of the State, though it be ever so great; and that tortures, prisons, the infliction of death, or any of the means usually employed by governments to suppress antagonistic ideas, are of no avail; and that, on the contrary, the mist surrounding the intellect of Socialists grows denser as the vapors of the blood spilt in its cause rise around them.

To convince the reader that the strong delusion to which our working people have fallen victims *is a religious system*, is the object of this essay.

A thorough understanding of the phenomenon will enable business-men to treat the question with more hope of success than heretofore.

## WHAT SOCIALISTS LOOK LIKE.

„Wie der ganze Baum nur die stets wiederholte Erscheinung eines und desselben Triebes ist, der sich am einfachsten in der Faser darstellt und in der Zusammensetzung zu Blatt, Stiel, Ast, Stamm wiederholt und leicht darin zu erkennen ist, so sind alle Thaten des Menschen nur die stets wiederholte, in der Form etwas abwechselnde Aeußerung seines intelligiblen Charakters.“

Arthur Schopenhauer, *W. a. W.*, I, 341-42.

**D**URING a period of my New York life I acted as agent between several charitable societies and the poor Germans of that city. Evenings and Sundays I traveled through the long and dirty streets of those wards for which the sun's rays appear to serve only as generators of miasms. Front tenement, rear basement; first, fourth, fifth floor; room 1, 2, 3, and 24—it is all the same: there live the poor and wretched Germans, brooding over a past that brought forth the dire present; dreaming of a future that, when also a past, will leave a present with nothing to wish for but that it would ever remain.

Here and there an agent of the German Society or the Ladies' organization climbs up and down the narrow, rickety stairs, and brings the poor a gift from that part of the people of thinkers—as Germans are vain to call themselves—which has banished the pallid spectre hunger, and employs its spare time and ample means in a continual battle against grey ennui. The latter is called in our language “fostering of German ideas” or *Gemüthlichkeit*; the donation of ten dollars per year

to the funds of a society having for its object the relief of the destitute, is called charity.

But the poor have different terms for this. They name the latter "a return by pennies of what was robbed of them by thousands;" and the former "a waste thousandwise abstracted in pennies from their share of this world's goods."

There are also many Americans who visit the abodes of the poor. They are mostly the well-salaried missionaries of congregations of rich men who enjoy a sensation of pleasure on seeing a long list of rescued souls in their zealous pastor's annual reports. They bring a small gift and sing the wonderful lay from olden times of the Saviour crucified and his kingdom of universal love where all privations and the ailments of the flesh shall cease, and where the weary and laden shall live in eternal bliss.

The poor, young and old, take the gift and listen devoutly to the charming song, if need be three, four times a day. On Sundays they would, if possible, take the Methodist's blessing at 9 in the morning; the Presbyterian's at 11; the Episcopalian's at 2; and in the evening, they enjoy the City Missionary's exhortations and coal-tickets.

But when there is no fear of the pious visitor's return, the pale-faced father reads to the children the *Volks-Zeitung* or pamphlets kindred to it in spirit; and now the cheeks begin to color, the eyes of the humble penitents glow with innate fire when he explains the new gospel which proclaims "Good will towards men" by putting "God on High" out of the children's heart, and the "Peace on earth" out of the community.

I cannot banish from my memory the picture of a large-boned man whom I found, pale and woe-worn, suffering from rheumatism, lying amidst eight half-dressed, dirty children, on a sorely dilapidated lounge. The face was encircled by a shaggy black beard, and unkempt hair fell over a forehead that revealed between the bushy eye-brows the unmistakable traces of earnest reflection. Casting now unsteady and then veiled glances at me, he sang the common jeremiade of forced

idleness and disease. In the lodge, he had spent his time and savings; his work having stopped, he was unable to pay dues, and thereupon he lost his claims to the "benefit" which was to help him through the hour of trial that privation had caused: *he cursed lodge-brothers' charity*.—The pastor came to pray with the family; the man confessed to be an atheist, and the horror-stricken divine fled from him as if he were a leper, saying "This is God's judgment." *The man cursed Christian charity*.—The German Society desired to know why the wife did not take in wash, why the oldest did not work. "The Chineese wash, and Charley has no clothes." "It's all your own fault," the agent said and left. *The sufferer cursed official charity*.—And, as if the glowing fuse, faintly burning, had reached the bomb, so the sick man jumped up, took his cane like a musket, made the motion of firing and burst forth: "But death will be the fate of the rich and divines! and when at last over the ruins of their world the red banner of the wretched and the poor shall wave, then all tears will be wiped away and justice will reign on earth without end!"

In an instant the man fell back to his simulated humble composure; and, as if the thought had struck him that he might lose my good-will and two dollars from the charity-fund, he begged my pardon, stating *that thoughts set him raving at times*.

I did not wonder at this outburst, since the Pope, in his late bull, had stated a similar thing about all thoughts that moved the world since Thomas Aquino, and therefore did not get excited, but spoke kindly to the man. It is not so difficult to tear away the veil of simulation and base sentiment in order to reach the human heart! There the pauper stood before me, leaning on his staff to support his trembling knees—all head and no body—supporting words and eyes with a wildly gesticulating hand; and so eloquently he unfolded his faith in a millenium to come, which was to be preceded by a day of awful judgment for the rich and their subservient tools—*our* science and the Church—who, since two thousand years, had misled that part of humanity which he represents. Supporting himself with the free hand on the edge of the table, he

triumphantly raised his staff and—amid bows and thanks took a ticket good for two dollars a month.

Are such people really arrogant beggars, impudent, unworthy of assistance, as they are usually called?

Are they like fugitives from justice who among themselves demonstrate their right to everything they can lay hands on? Are they rebels against an authority which they hate? Idlers? Mere boasters?

Try to penetrate the cold eyes of your workmen; break through the ice that seems to lay between you and them; awaken the dormant spirits of these people, somehow—and you will have the question answered.

Touch their heart of hearts, and fanaticism flashes from their eyes; the thoughts to which their words give utterance come from the depths of their being. They are not calm, icy, logical concatenations of cause and effect, but a passionate expression of the irresistible force—the human will—incited by the hope of realizing happiness, his goal, after a struggle lasting through centuries.

Thus the slave of Ancient Rome must have looked when he came from a midnight-meeting with St. Paul. With the dead stare of our workmen he stood opposite the calm master who expostulated with him on the stupidity of the new Jewish imagery. But when the down-trodden, chained, much-abused slave, of whom virtuous Cato said that he should only work or sleep, heard the gospel of liberty and happiness which emanated from Christ: then human nature broke forth in its awful energy and sublime activity, spurred by thoughts that centre—*not in reason*—but in the inborn desire to be happier than before.

History tells us of nations rolling like avalanches over homesteads, towns and countries. We read of gorgeously uniformed heroes who are marching hosts into battle; we hear of plain men with great hearts that bleed and die for their homes. With our mind's eye we can see the moving masses, see the devastation left behind, feel the heart-ache of the survivors—but we cannot see the thing that moves them: the

human heart. But here, in dreary tenement-houses—stables built one upon another—I often had a vision as if, from the quivering lips of human beings crushed under the iron wheel of civilization, the spirit of destruction and rejuvenation—Shiwa with his awful attributes—had uttered his momentous “I still live!”

And loudly the Great Destroyer spoke when the news of the attacks on William and the murder of Alexander shocked the civilized world. In view of the damning judgments uttered everywhere, and the tokens of condolence shown even in free America, there assembled in New York a great number of persons solemnly to give expression to their earnest faith that this bloody deed would prove beneficial to humanity.

The assemblage did not consist of paupers. The leaders might have been called children of like spirit, had not the manner and form in which every sentence was brought forth divulged an utter want of heart and soul. The brain which convulsively worked under the skull of an editor trying to justify murder before the tribunal of his own conscience, made the hoary head and the body hanging thereon tremble and jump in fits and starts. By argument the childish man tried to justify murder! He knew not that such a thing can only be done by an exalted spirit, by a man whose heart is burning with a fire that extinguishes all logic! The German scholar who, in the strife for existence, had been reduced to the rôle of an apostle of a new creed, presented a pitiable spectacle, strangely contrasting with the sturdy workmen who proclaimed loudly from the bottom of their hearts the belief that human sufferings would be decreased by the high-handed execution of the unhappy persons whom fate had placed at the head of earthly justice.

Like these Europeans the Jews must have felt when they heard that Moses, in anger at the inhuman treatment of his people, struck the Egyptian workhouse-keeper. So the French towns may have resounded with songs of praise, when the head of unhappy Louis XVI. rolled in the dust—a victim of the god of reason.



Is this feeling of delight at scenes that commonly make the blood curdle, akin to the sensation that crept through the breasts of Spaniards when they sung Hallelujahs around Torquemada's Autos-da-fé? Or has it any thing in common with the voluptuous bliss that thrilled through the hearts of the Germans of "ye happy olden times," whenever they had succeeded in stoning, quartering or burning a Jew with wife and child? Or, when the inspired judge of Luther's age passed over the pregnant woman accused of witchcraft, the sentence, "I shall torture thee until thou art so thin that the sun will shine through thee!"?

I think it has. The blow of the Russian nihilist was not aimed at the person of Alexander. It was directed against the present state of society, whose representatives are presidents and princes; against the social contract of all civilized men who hold the opinion that the highest degree of happiness can be attained by giving the greatest possible scope to the individual will; against the laws which protect the individual "in the pursuit of happiness" according to his own inclination.

These laws are in the way of socialists. They believe that by different laws the appearance of human society can be changed. Such a change is called by a minority of the inhabitants of Europe and America, one sure to improve our race. And socialism, adopting as its chief object the ennobling of humanity, by removing want, committed and glorified its foul and inhuman deeds, in order to attain that object; proceeding from the old Jesuitic maxim that the end justifies the means.

Such sentiments prevailed, in its time, with the holy inquisition, and acting on them they inflicted upon human beings the most cruel tortures that could be invented. The Church *had* control of the power of State: so Torquemada murdered in the defensive. The socialists of Berlin and St. Petersburg *want to get* the control of the State's power: so they murder in the offensive—all for the improvement of the race and the furtherance of individual happiness. The Church did not wish to be impeded in its mission of making men happy; socialists want a chance to bless humanity forcibly.—Yes, the end

W. W. W.

justifies the means: Tortures untold, Autos-da-fé, Guillotine, and Dynamite.

Whether Mohammedans make of Europe and Asia a burning wilderness strewn with mutilated corpses; or the Commune does the same thing within the walls of a single city, that is essentially alike. Both obtain the control of government by force; both are enabled to use force by inciting the masses to nameless cruelty and indescribable barbarism. This is done in each case by the promise of a paradise, that is, of a future state in which desire shall be fully gratified and the never-ceasing vague craving for some nameless enjoyment shall be satisfied by endless pleasure without crapulence.

Both call this other condition of the future a nobler one, to attain which requires in the present sacrifices of life and limb, of dollars and cents. Cheerfully throwing oneself in this Moloch's ever open arms, is called sublime. Murdering all people whose brains are unfit to comprehend such imagery, is called heroism; and progress is said to be perfect when the opponents are either dead, or afraid to say anything against the newly-attained perfection of human society.

On the other side, the terms "saving society, preserving order," have been adopted to sanction the act of putting to death, by legal process, people possessed of new notions of salvation. Old Rome did perhaps the utmost in the way of publicly terrifying its subjects into love to old gods and customs; Russia seems bent on outdoing Diocletian. The Thiers' government at Paris, 1872, acted not less cruelly than Murad and Bajazid Pacha, when they nailed the socialist Börekludshe—Dede Sultan—about 1470, in form of a cross, on a board to be carried through Ephesus. The German Bishop who killed the Munster socialists, 1533, by pinching them with red-hot tongs, was as cruel as Knipperdolling who killed whosoever ventured to utter a disagreeable word.

But to allow oneself to be executed for "a cause," also becomes an act of heroism, exactly as it was considered good breeding, with grace to lay one's head under Robespierre's guillotine.

Therefore, as two thousand years ago the whole power of the Roman State proved ineffective against a creed promising relief to a suffering humanity; so the power of the Christian States, of the Church and public opinion so far proved ineffective against the ideas of socialism. It has lived through centuries, appeared again and again, and to-day every martyr made by monarchical Europe will raise thousands of disciples.

A host of missionaries are engaged in propagating the new gospel at the regular meetings of well-disciplined congregations. Like priests, these missionaries depict for the phantasy of the devoutly listening faithful a wonderful future; like priests, they demand unbounded faith in *their* books, written by *their* inspired men, for which exclusive authority is claimed in simple questions concerning the welfare of each individual; like priests, they curse every other source of understanding; and like priests, also, they conscientiously demand from their benighted faithful a regular offertory—the Peter's pence—for missionary purposes among those who have not yet seen the light, for the battle against all whose hearts are still hardened, but mainly for the maintenance of inspired talkers and writers without whom even this class of progressive faithful cannot get along. And amid the sound of hymns touching every chord of the inner man, with words that reek of blood, the poor bring their offertories in pennies, and go home with the blessed sensation that they have done something for the world.

## WHAT THE SOCIALISTIC CREED RESEMBLES.

„Tempel und Kirchen, Pagoden und Moscheen, in allen Länden, aus allen Zeiten, in Pracht und Größe, zeugen vom metaphysischen Bedürfnis des Menschen, welches stark und unverilgbar, dem physischen auf dem Fuße folgt. Freilich könnte, wer satyrisch gelaunt ist, hinzufügen, daß dasselbe ein bescheidener Bursche sei, der mit geringer Kost vorlieb nehme.“

Arthur Schopenhauer, *W. a. W.*, II., 177.

WHEN in the days of our youth the earth seemed a fairy-land, beautifully tinged by the roseate hue emanating from the dawning intellect: we believed the teachers who told us that even to be admitted in this world were a privilege we ought to be very thankful for.

We grew older. Life threw the gauntlet at our feet and, unconsciously almost, we accepted the challenge. We gloried in the exercise of our energies—but, in the hour of calm reflection, we found that work—work—and nought but work was our fate; and to be annoyed, hindered and deceived seemed to be the only thanks for our aspirations.

We felt the need of rest in life's remorseless strife for existence even when our strength was greatest. The one hoped to find mental peace in the culture of music, and another in that of the beautiful, truth, or charity. Many rambled among the abstractions, trying to give form to liberty, progress, humanity. But all smiled at their ideas of former years, as then they did at grandmother's fairy-tales. And yet, what the story of the enchanted princess is to the troubled child, that

is the message of the heavenly host to the afflicted soul; and the listening to the learned elucidators of the abstractions of liberty, humanity and progress to the genuine child of this century: *The means to give rest to the mind which naturally gets tired in the daily mental labor.*

Many, far too many, are beguiled by the apparent loftiness of abstract ideals. To use the surplus mental strength which duty does not absorb, in the attempt of *realizing ideals*, seems to them a nobler calling than to exert the energies in the laborious strife for existence. The shining sails inflated by the wind of strong volition, they toss about on the sea of society without balast or compass or anchor; until they are a wreck cast ashore, colors lustily flying, though the ever-rolling waves may soon bear the mast to the deep.

Some of us *idealized reality*. We did it when we listened to the messengers of old and new gospels; when the solemn tunes of the mass or the Lutheran war-hymns transported us for hours away from the spur of necessity; and, being in earthly surroundings, could yet unite for moments with the unknown infinite. Yes, we *idealized reality* when we threw our daily cares over-board and dived deeply into the cooling floods of poetry and fiction, allowing the waves of the immense ocean of phantasy to toss us about, apparently motionless, yet full of life; *we idealized reality* when our spare means were employed to preserve fine arts, "marble poetry" in beautiful buildings with their manifold adornments; and when our surplus strength was lent to those whom nature had denied strong weapons for the battle of life.

And in thus *idealizing reality* we found relief from overwork; our understanding broadened, our hearts grew larger. Therefore, ours was the greater strength in the strife for existence, and we were victorious here and there.

Yet, what is the story we have to tell in common with all? Our hair turned gray, our strength is gone; our ability to enjoy has decreased; the objects that would animate us are very few, although perhaps we are permitted to add, subtract, multiply or divide by hundreds, yea by thousands. The fire within us has driven us from goal to goal: yet, the hope for better

days is an anchor which we throw out every day. Behind us are recollections of shadows on which we had set our energies; around us are numberless graves of friends and an inimical world desirous of gain by our increasing weakness; before us is a future—dark and uncertain. Yet in us burns an ever youthful fire; it knows neither disease, nor age, nor death, and rages the more the weaker we grow.

How can it be that some call this indiscernible will-power the fountain-head of all noble attainments on earth? True it is that, indestructible like iron, it lies at the bottom of our being and draws, a dead-weight attached to our better self, the intellect down from all flights in the universe. Always under the influence of the powerful magnet of earth's amenities, it never comes to rest; proudly asserting that of its own volition it flies from one object to another: it feels the humiliating truth that it is but drawn. And if the will, in its rambles among visible objects, comes within the scope of a powerful magnet, then all of our being is absorbed; although seeing that the magnet points towards the poles of icy torpidity, yet we must fly towards it. We feel the curse, and have no power to recede.

And, if we embrace the coveted thing and find ourselves inexpressibly unhappy—we can but weep over ourselves.

Is there nothing to deliver us from this state of servitude to the will? Has the human intellect nothing to offer which may loosen the strings that bind our nobler self to the iron weight? nothing to deaden the magnetic power of earthly things, that they may not always keep us under their spell?

I believe the human intellect had at all times, among all nations, thoughts of a land of freedom into which men could fly and rest; some would spend a life in this beautiful garden, some but moments. But, as an overworked body finds refreshment if in sleep consciousness ceases but for seconds, so the soul that could enter for an hour only the land of freedom found strength for renewed work.

*I* ask not whence it comes, *I* care not whether it be called Paradise or Nirvana: it is always the realm of the beautiful,

and its name is *Religion*, that is, *a circle of ideas in which the human will finds final calmness*.\*

But as nothing can calm the will-power but what is attained by the exertion of its own strength, so it created—not the beautiful land itself, but the door by which we can enter it: *Faith, which is the act of compelling reason against its own laws to accept as real the circle of ideas embraced in religion*.\*\*

Since, then, the fountain-head of all religious ideas lies in the insufficiency of the real world to calm the will, they all turn around a common pivot: The idea of a world in which human beings find lasting happiness. The craving for happiness is certainly strongest with those persons who, in the strife for existence, proved the weakest, and whose share of this world's goods has been curtailed. Founders of religions, therefore, always appear upon the arena among the poor, with revelations for the poor, who are, without exception, the first to embrace the new religion which is to perform what was promised by the old.

So Shakyamuni left his kingly birth-place and preached to the despised castes of India how they could deliver themselves

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\* The manner and form *how* human beings depict to their own satisfaction the better land and its rulers, or the state in which their persons can enter it, must not be made a criterion of religion. If the belief in a life after death were necessary, then the Old Jews would not have religion; for in their acknowledged books of revelation no mention of an after-life is made. All that Moses taught and promised was a happier state of the future which could be attained by obeying the laws.

If the idea of a personal God were considered a necessary criterion of religion, we could not call Buddhism with its 400 millions of followers by that name, since with the Asiatics of this creed it is "Atheism" to believe in a personal God, although they have an hierarchy more powerful than that of Rome.

\*\* Some persons say, that the paradise-religion with its appendages were not necessary to appease our will. They point to the garden of science, which has no such a humiliating door as "faith"—compelling reason—as its entrance. But suppose this Eden were not guarded by the Cherubim with flaming swords: penury of time or thought; that every body could freely penetrate all secrets down to the protoplasm, will not the whole structure of the latest system topple over if we *do not compel our reason against its law of causality to accept as true the idea of a first cause of life*. For human reason knows but changes of the condition of matter; and a condition *not resulting* from a previous condition is just as antagonistic to human reason as the idea of a world created from nothing. *A creative principle must be believed in, as much as a creator.*

from the curse of eternal existence, he became the Buddha—the Enlightened; so came Moses with revelations to the down-trodden, leprous workers in Egyptian quarries and proclaimed the happy land across the river Jordan; so came Paul with revelations about God the Father and the Son to the poor and abused slaves of ancient times, and proclaimed the eternal kingdom of life and happiness; and so came, in later days, Mohammed among the poor tribes of Arabia.

And, in our own days, Lassalle and Karl Marx have appeared among the poor, with a revelation of pure reason. Their religion—socialism—promises very much, hence it is pleasant to believe in it; the more so as it comes not in the questionable form of the others, but in the garb of science. Hence it took with the people, and its doctrine appears to them a promise to realize on earth Christian prophecies.

The entire circle of Christian religious ideas revolves around the doctrine of a State in which God is sole ruler over citizens who *will* not do wrong.

The essence of socialism is the doctrine of a State with elected rulers over citizens who *can not* do wrong. ✓

In both creeds, “doing wrong” is considered the source of all evil. Hence, a State whose citizens *will not* do wrong, practically produces the same results as a State in which nobody *can* do wrong: a human society in which there is no suffering from evil.

As a means of realizing the kingdom of God, Christian precepts demand *sanctification* of the will, or, as it is called at times, *renovation of the heart*, which can not mean any thing else than making the will-power susceptible to objects which are not visible on the earth. For the coveting of visible things is the natural state, which is considered the source of evil.

To realize the Socialistic State of the Future the precepts of socialism demand *abrogation* of the individual will, and a transfer of its functions to the will of the community. As Christian *renovation* could only mean a presentation of invisible objects and making the will-power susceptible therefor:



so *abrogation* of the will is a giving up of its objects, *i.e.*, the products of its own exertion—earthly goods—and placing them into the hands of the community.

✓ Covetousness, which Christians seek to *prevent* by presentation of transcendental objects, socialism proposes to *correct* or do away with by rendering it impossible for the coveting will ever to attain its objects. Practically this asserts that volition without objects is possible. Again, there is a strange resemblance: The ideal Christian, with all the treasures of the earth around him, yet desiring nothing—*because he wants them not*; and the ideal socialist with all goods, but coveting none—*because he can not have them*.

The Christian doctrine states that the kingdom of heaven is entered after death; for then volition ceases. But there are, and always have been, some who believe in the inauguration of the millenium at some period of life, for which purpose Christ is expected to re-appear in human form.

✓ Socialists believe in the beginning of the millenium on the day when their faithful are in the majority and their prophets can go into the register's office, strike individual names from the records and put "commune" in its stead; when the tailor who is at present owner of six sewing-machines, gives up his title to them and becomes Captain in the Grand Industrial Army, Division for the Production of Clothing, Headquarters in the National Capitol. In other words, when the State, that is, men of their faith, is strong enough to take possession of all goods. Hence, the State is the socialistic Redeemer.

Furthermore, the entrance in God's community leaves us *without* earthly form and earthly desires.

✓ The entrance in the socialistic community leaves us *with* earthly form and desires, *minus objects to satisfy them*.

✓ Happiness, then, comes in both States from an external source. The renovated will receives it from God. The curtailed will of socialists gets it from the State.

Certainly, socialists *need* not believe in God Almighty, but they *must* believe in a police-state omnipresent and omnipotent.

Their faith embraces not the incarnation of a God, but the birth of a race of men who, God-like, stand above temptation.

They renounce the Holy Spirit of Christianity, but require the belief that a holy spirit could settle in human flesh and blood after some manipulations in national capitols.

*O sancta simplicitas !* It seems as if deviation from Christianity increased the quantity and the quality of incomprehensible matter offered to our hearts for belief !

It is not a new discovery of socialists that the greatest attainments of every civilization are tainted by evils arising from the covetousness of the human will.

Buddhism tried to give to the grand Asiatic civilization of former ages another aspect, *by making the will-power insusceptible* for earthly aspirations. General abjectness is the consequence.

Christianity endeavored to retain the tottering Roman and Greek civilization, *by making the will-power susceptible, in addition to its earthly objects, for transcendental ones* of still greater value, which its revelations presented. ✓

Now comes Socialism with the proposition of improving on Christian civilization *by putting an external force—the State—between the will and the coveted objects.*

Practically this would amount to a Buddhistic civilization; for a nation voluntarily giving up earthly aspirations, from the inner conviction of their vanity, as the Asiatics have done, is like a people cutting off aspirations by laws removing every valuable thing from reach.



## HOW THE SOCIALISTIC CREED SPREAD.

„Es giebt einen Siedepunkt auf der Skala der Kultur, wo aller Glaube, alle Offenbarung, alle Auktoritäten sich verflüchtigen, der Mensch nach eigener Einsicht verlangt, belehrt, aber auch überzeugt sein will. Dann wird es ernst mit dem Verlangen nach Philosophie und die bedürftige Menschheit ruft alle denkenden Geister, die sie jemals aus ihrem Schoß erzeugt hat, an. Mit hohlem Wortkram und impotenten Bemühungen geistiger Kastraten ist da nicht mehr auszureichen; sondern es bedarf einer ernstlich gemeinten, nicht auf Gehalte und Honorare gerichteten Philosophie.“

Arthur Schopenhauer, I, 122.

SOME say that ideas about a better land than our earth had been disclosed to us by the rulers thereof, through a wonderful process called revelation. Others maintain that it requires neither miracles, nor revelations, nor a better land to make us happy, and, to strengthen their assertion, they write volumes about what has been before man appeared on the globe, what will be after death, what might be if we were not as we are, and how we might, à la Münchhausen, take ourselves by the cue and raise ourselves above our nature.

At the present, we hear the learned philosophers ridicule the scholastic nonsense of the middle age with its numberless books about the rulers in the Christian better land. At the same time, they want us to look with reverent eye upon the scholastic nonsense of the nineteenth century, consisting of numberless books on the state of things which existed before there were human eyes to see them; about the future of our race and the object of our being; about what "principle" might be

preferable to the Almighty, or to "words" that had been called a principle by a previous manufacturer of ideas.

But common-sense beings, who use language only for things that are in existence, find enough to do with real life from the cradle to the grave; and although they may listen as devoutly to the nonsense of our age, thinking it enlightenment, as business-men did in the eleventh century to the deep but now derided dissertations about nominalism and realism, which was also enlightenment: they can not help asking the question—*How far do revelations, intuitions, theories and dogmas increase or decrease the difficulties of our earthly struggle?*

This question must appear a very serious one; for faith—if it be in God or no god—is blind will's own child, and perhaps the noblest of all its manifestations; for whenever the animating breath of hope touches intellect when, in a state of great despondency, its light is well nigh extinguishing: it is faith from which it draws equanimity, then strength for new and arduous labor—or resignation.

And because the calming of the will is the purpose of faith, a wholesome creed may well be likened to a reservoir, in which the restlessly moving, continuously troubled, always impure waters of will's inclinations and desires flow together and calm down. Bound up by artificial walls, volition acquires a certain tranquility and undergoes a process of purification. What is impure and noxious settles down, and the fresh waters stream forth to nourish the land.

Read with a contemplative mind the prayers of all religions: they are the beds through which the streams of sickly volition flow into the reservoir of religion; there is no ill on earth for the removal of which a form of prayer could not be found; no wish so strange that it could not be sent to the mighty unseen powers.

From time to time come men who pronounce faith a thing that not only has no value whatever, but is really dangerous to the mind. So they hammer away at the walls of the reservoir and break its form. Then captivated volition rushes out, rejoices at its liberty, and, like swollen rivers in the low-lands, tears down all barriers.

After passion has had its sway, and the monster "will unbri-dled" has satiated itself in blood and devastation, new builders come, and, by degrees, new reservoirs arise.

Always when the poor were made the poorest, and the rich had all the power and good things, then the former distrusted most the old faith and desired the strongest more powerful gods; while the latter defied fiercest what they feared most—retributive justice at the hands of the old gods. Most welcome were at such times people "who study (philosophy or theology) to please." They destroy the ring of ideas which had proved insufficient to calm the general will, that is, to please evil-doers and evil-sufferers.

After degradation, from want of nobler aspirations than sensual enjoyment of life, had brought about sufferings untold; and the national health and wealth had been consumed—then arrived a Zarathustra, a Buddha, a Moses, a Paul. They filled the emptied vessel—metaphysical want, or religious craving, or faculty of idealization—with new substantial food that the average human being could digest and assimilate. So the reservoir of religion again and again in the life of humanity was re-built, and the general will, becoming appeased, turned to work which gave nourishment to the emaciated body of human society.

Look to the beginning of our era.

Scarcely seventy years before Christ, Crassus and Pompejus ended the "labor-movement" of old Rome by hanging 6000 mutinous laborers on 6000 crosses which were erected on the road from Capua to Rome. They had defied the laws of State, Society and Church, by taking up arms for the improvement of their condition. Rome rejoiced at the ghastly spectacle, for order was re-established, and courts, philosophers and priests said: So mote it be.

Perhaps fifty years after Christ, some Jewish men appeared in the streets of Rome and preached a new faith in which thundering Jupiter was called Father. The poor listened, believed, and hoped that a father would feed all his children and make them happy. And though the glorious millenium with

Christ triumphant did not come, yet the Almighty, having revealed himself as a father, could not admit of slavery in his household. Some centuries later, courts, philosophers and priests considered it inhuman to own beings in human form and called forcible liberation noble acts.

*Certainly, of what sort faith is, has some importance in earthly affairs.* What the heroic workmen of Sicily, under king Eunus, Tryphon and Anthenion, and later the war-like Spartacus, could not accomplish with blood-shed lasting hundreds of years: *Liberty for the working classes*,—that was done by the Christian doctrine of an all-loving God, although the Church never used its power to ordain emancipation. Voluntarily, one slave-holder after the other gave up his rights, until the majority of a country's inhabitants forbade slave-holding by law.

We may ask the natural question, Why all this ado about so simple a thing? why the legions of Rome had to slay and be slain to uphold an institution which the best men of Rome called an evil, and which the popular saying, "As many slaves so many enemies," had stigmatized a source of personal unhappiness? We can find but one answer: Such is human nature. What men *conceive to be truth* guides their actions, not truth in itself. Whenever that which is grandly called "an eternal truth" is to be conceived as such for the purpose of applying it to real life, it must be brought close to the near-sighted human eye, in a form which does not repel the sensitive egoistic will.

In plain talk, this means as much as making all persons with a limited intellect, who, for this reason, have a strong will, act in relation to their fellow-men as if they had understanding enough to influence the will-power. To perform this task is the object of religion *viewed from its practical side*.

A change of creed, therefore, means either the acceptance of a new form for old truths; or, the presentation of a new truth in the old forms for acceptance.

The Christian religion, with its doctrine of equal rights before God, has done the latter. Every attempt of teachers who came after Christ, even successful ones, amounted only to the former.

Its appearance on earth, therefore, was a land-mark in the history of civilization; a turning-point in the aspirations of individuals, tribes, states and races.

The laborers were no longer bound to the spot on which they were born nor to the occupations their masters selected for them. The intelligent went to towns and hamlets, exerted their ingenuity in making things exchangeable for agricultural products. The growth of cities began, and with it that of our present industry and commerce.

The former slaves became burghers who, conscious of their skill, extorted from the authorities one immunity after the other, until they became a power with which princes had to treat.

As Pharaoh repented that he had listened to the voice of Jehovah in liberating his Jewish city-builders, so the non-producing nobility—formerly slave-holders—may have felt envious at the gradual rise of the European city-builders, and they tried their best to regain the lost power. In looking for weapons in this undertaking, they made one of the Christian religion and elevated it to the rank of a State-Church. This means, that priests went *out* of the service of the people *into that of the State*, which paid them better; but what is more than all, *the clergy, being no longer under the financial control of their parishioners, ceased to be subordinate to the common-sense judgment of plain Christians*; and to make the weapon in the warfare against the burghers stronger in proportion to their growth in intelligence, one notion after another had to be admitted into the circle of religious ideas. Heaven and hell were crowded by new inhabitants, so much so, that the original rulers, God and the Redeemer, could no more be seen. Every country and city, nay every individual could have, beside the one Mediator, half a dozen special saints to negotiate between God and men.

At the same time, the burghers worked diligently under the pressure of emulation and competition. Working, that is, transforming substance, brought the laboring people in close contact with natural laws. These were *observed* in



order to make them useful for human ends. Thinking about nature produced scepticism; this engendered general knowledge, and Galileo's forced retraction could not prevent Kepler's and Newton's discoveries from becoming common property.

Of course, Christ himself had no further object than to sanctify the human will, that it might aspire to things not of this earth. Not He demanded for salvation acceptance of certain geological, astronomical and mathematical views. But the Church had a great many objects that were not exactly blessed in the Sermon on the Mount; therefore the priests attempted to prevent intellect from exploring its legitimate field, visible nature. Christ demanded faith for extramundane questions only.

So, in the course of several centuries, the first breaks in the ring of religious ideas occurred and the Christian world grew restless. It demanded knowledge of the sources of their faith, and received the Bible. Could the searching of the Bible allay scepticism?

At the same time it became too evident that the preservers of faith, the soul-carers, had turned soul-rulers. Religion, a resting-place for the soul wearied in the strife of life, was made an unfair weapon in the general struggle for riches, power, and glory. The Church coveted and became possessed of the earth. Christ's hospital for suffering humanity was then a power to inflict awful wounds upon souls, families and states. The Christian generations of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries ceased to love their old faith, they merely feared the supernatural powers and had good cause to fear the temporal power of the faith-preservers: inquisition and witch-craft courts, with torture-chambers, were the means of keeping sceptical spirits in abeyance.

The non-producers of the centuries of the reformation were called monks, nobility and soldiers. They all lived from the industry of the laboring classes; and well they lived, while the toilers suffered hunger. Of course, every man of brain swelled the ranks of non-producers with spiritual or temporal rank. In consequence thereof, the working classes soon arrived at

that state of society *in which physical want can no longer be removed by physical exertion in labor.*

The dull minds of the nation fell a prey to heathenish superstition, and besmirched the German name with unspeakable deeds. The healthy part became infidels, that is, persons who discard the Christian circle of religious ideas and look out for another, which will satisfy them. Therefore the people listened to all sorts of prophets. As in earlier centuries, the Manichæans, Paulicians, and Katharer came and vanished, so appeared with Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and George Fox a host of others like Carlstadt, Thomas Münzer, John Bockolt, Menno Simon, etc.

The socialism of this era appeared, for example, in Münster, in a theocratic form, because infidelity had not yet eradicated from the minds of the people the idea of a personal God. And because the Almighty was adored even by sceptics, socialism could not prevail, and the Reformation appeased the general will; for the work of Luther and his coadjutors in different countries *amounted to an expulsion of the antagonistic ideas from the circle of the Christian religion;* or, the drawing together of the broken ring of faith, close around the central idea: the Jewish God and Christ the Redeemer.

In many States the earthly possessions of the Church had been reduced by the Reformation. Monasteries and Abbeys, formerly conservatories of knowledge and schools of industry, were sequestered. The quiet searchers into the Universe no longer retired to the anchorite's cell, but remained among the burghers, distributing knowledge. The modest professors measured the heavens and searched the bowels of the earth. Communicating their discoveries to the workers on land and sea, they animated the toilers to efforts unknown in former ages. Strange isles were sought for and discovered; new worlds rose out of the ocean. Inventions followed one another. Tools were improved, natural forces subdued to move the tools. The pride of our age, the machine, was built.

The human intellect looked upon his own doings first with an astonished, then an amazed, finally an adoring eye. Self-

adulation was the cult of reason, which followed the age of discoveries; and the intellect, leaving the visible world, its proper domain, endeavored to discern the extramundane world.

Rationalism, *an attempt to secure the Christian Creed without faith, or, to build a bridge reaching from reason to revelation\**, was the next progress, which is but a boastful word for change. Honest rationalists soon comprehended the foolishness of their undertaking and either fell back to orthodox faith or took the next step in simply declaring, in abstruse language, and words coined for the purpose, yet in scientific, therefore deceptive, form, *their faith* that the faith in a personal God were a delusion, a sign of mental dulness. The religion of Immanuel Kant proclaimed "the undiscernible thing in itself, the categorical imperative, and the postulate of practical reason." Fichte thought to satisfy the metaphysical want with the "Idea of the absolute world-I." Schelling found for the poor human heart "The creative principle of absolute indifference." And the so-called giant-spirit Hegel settled matters by finding "The idea of the absolute idea." Arthur Schopenhauer came with "The doctrine of the will in nature," and again E. von Hartmann, overdoing Schopenhauer, gave us "The unconscious."

The brain of the German people worked and fermented; phosphorously glimmering gases rose from it and jumped about like wisps on the morass.\*\* The grand words drawn from these lights were supposed to revolutionize the world: progress,

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\* The so-called progressive American Ministers are at present engaged in this quixotic business.

\*\* To convince a sober American reader that I am not prejudiced against German philosophy, I will attempt to translate § 438 of Hegel's *Cyclopedia*, which will make clear what *Reason* is:

"Truth, in and for itself, which is reason, is the simple identity of the notion's (*Begriffs*) subjectivity, and its objectivity and generality. The generality of reason has therefore just as much the meaning of the, in the consciousness as such only given, but now in itself general, the I penetrating and comprehending, object, as the pure I, the, above the object reaching and it, in itself comprehending, pure form."

577 such paragraphs were adored as wisdom longer than 40 years. Really, I would prefer Bible metaphysics.

liberty, enlightenment was a trinity that was to supersede the Christian Trinity, and the cult of the beautiful or the perfect was to take the place of Sunday devotion.\*

But abstractions will not satisfy, and the shadows of words may dazzle the intellect, but they explain nothing. Science, the telescope of the human eye, enlarges the appearance of remote objects, but does not do away with the bounds of intellect—time and space. And though science destroy ideals, it can not destroy the power of idealization; the vessel in human nature which Arthur Schopenhauer called “metaphysical want,” may be emptied, but it cannot be broken.

“There are shades which will not vanish,  
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
 By a power to thee unknown  
 Thou canst never be alone;  
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud;  
 Thou art gathered in a cloud;  
 And forever thou shalt dwell  
 In the spirit of this spell.”

While the German intellect reeled around the idols of the day—its grand words—the bone and sinew of the nation began to get sober. The laboring classes realized their position. From the lips of their leaders, from the press, in every possible form, the workmen heard the stale story, that only a dull mind could believe in Christianity, that to entertain the notion of a God were unworthy of our age; that all misery were due to the Church, and all hopes for the future rested in the God of our age—reason.

Well had reason its sway, and produced machine after machine. And around this visible product of the human mind the artisans of former days had to gather in multitudes. The machine, in causing the most minute division of labor, degraded the mental standard of the formerly proud burghers, who deemed themselves of a greater nobility than their princes. The division of labor called from the household children, half-

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\* About twenty years ago, I heard a speaker of a free-thinker congregation say, that his little meeting-house without a Cross would be the mausoleum of the American Christian Church.

grown girls and mothers, and ruined the moral standard of counties, provinces and countries. The machine gave power to one over thousands, in causing a concentration of capital in the hands of the few.

The golden middle classes, which formerly separated extreme poverty from extreme richness, have disappeared. Where are they? A few pets of nature, blessed in capacities, worked their way up; a great many heartless vampyres stand out in bold display of a more or less vulgar luxury; the great body pine away, but—no longer under the influence of nature's narcotic: incapacity to realize the danger of the moment.

The laborers *must* give up individual exertion and demand in masses removal of their sufferings, which are simply intolerable in many European centres of industry.\*

So the laborer of the present, getting sober through privation, finds that all the brain-work of centuries has not decreased his sufferings, but that his condition is far worse than ever; for numberless objects instigate him to ardent desire, only to find out that the amenities of our civilization are not for him. And the idol for which he sacrificed his faith, *i.e.*, his ideals in family, society, State and Church—the much extolled civilization of the nineteenth century—appears to him like the curdling of milk: the cream gathers on top, down below is nought but sour water.

Desperately the workmen appeal to the god of our age—reason—for relief. And lo! reason, always willing to serve humanity, comes cheerfully to the rescue. It calls upon its magician, phantasy, and both conjure up from the mysteries of the old religion, a new one: before our amazed eyes appears a millenium without Christ!

Forward rushes the general will of the laborers upon this new goal, irresistibly over all barriers.

Faith does its work as in olden times: Amid hunger and misery, in prison and on the scaffold, socialists are happy: they have again an ideal to live and to die for. Yes, again intellect

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\* Karl Marx's work, entitled "*Das Kapital*," may well be called *The Narrative of Workingmen's Passions*; it is very instructive for all who, like the French princess, ask wonderingly, why the people clamor for bread, they should eat cake.

had to be surrendered to please the will; and again we have to deal with the fanaticism of the old Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans !

And our philosophy, our humanity, our grand words—words—words? What were they for?

Was philosophy a childish play that inflated the players? Is our humanity an inhuman neglect of all trusts?

For the appearance of socialism upon the arena of public life is an application for the appointment of a receiver for the husbandry of civilized humanity.—Before the Bar of Eternal Justice, civilization stands arraigned; the allegation is that it has recklessly created debts which can not be paid: it has trifled with human life for cheap boots and shoes and pins; and with human happiness in robbing the heart of its pendulum; in debarring the metaphysical want, the power of idealization of all its ideals.

For the complainant appear the strongest feelings in the human breast: pity for themselves, their children, and their fellow-sufferers.

For the defendant comes, somewhat perplexed, the cold-blooded attorney, Science, with his precocious apprentice, Optimism. Ah! smartly they thought to have the gift of prophecy and to understand all mysteries; they really took all faith and did remove mountains; but they had not charity, so they are nothing and can mutter only in hundred different versions: Demand and supply, unchangeable laws of nature. *They knew only in part and prophesy in part.*

In olden times, there was an attorney of the weary and laden—the Church with the Cross. But alas! though speaking with the tongues of angels and of men, his voice is like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; though he bestow many goods to feed the poor, it profiteth nothing. For, he hath not the charity that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up. He hath not the charity that doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in

iniquity but in truth; he lacks the charity that beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

*Therefore, the Apostle says, whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

And this conscious or unconscious lack of charity it is that may well bring Christendom down upon the knees, to pray with the Sufferer of Gethsemane: "Forgive us our debts!" as the poor demand, in thundering voices: "Give us this day our daily bread!"

Ah! it was so little wherewith He knew to feed the five thousand!

Shall we ever again, to the "Glory be on High!" hear the refrain from the roaring voices of our workmen: "And peace on earth and good-will among men!"?

## WHAT NEXT?

„Wir haben im Staat das Mittel kennen gelernt, wodurch der mit Vernunft ausgerüstete Egoismus seinen eigenen, sich gegen ihn selbst wendenden schlimmen Folgen auszuweichen sucht, und nun Jeder das Wohl Aller befördert, weil er sein eigenes mit darin begriffen sieht.“

„Der Staat ist errichtet unter der richtigen Voraussetzung, daß reine Moralität, d. h. Rechthandeln aus moralischen Gründen, nicht zu erwarten ist.“

Arthur Schopenhauer, *W. u. W.*, 408, 413.

THE earnest men of our country, whose minds are neither a concave nor convex, but an even mirror of life, can look only with an anxious eye into the future. It is their lot, under daily increasing difficulties, incessantly to remain in the hard service of industry, that the minors and their nurses may have enough to eat; and that the real attainments of civilization may neither get lost nor become noxious to our people.

In Europe, the giant Goliath, though armed to the teeth, was struck by despised David's stone; again the sword is to eradicate the spirit which made the peaceful shepherd whirl his sling. Remorseless persecutions will drive tens of thousands to our shores—and for us is the heritage of unhappy men fallen out with themselves.

Verily, the tree of our cultivation, growing promisingly in the fertile garden of our country since more than three hundred years, might give shade enough to cool the over-heated heads. But the helpmates in our husbandry have grown restless. Quarrelling about the mighty tree's rich fruits, they are neglecting the soil in which it grew.

And the watchmen in our capitols have made from legislatures huge steam-syringes from which patent-medicine—



inventions of inspired statesmen without understanding—are played upon this or that decaying branch of our industry.

The pearl of civilization, self-government, has been thrown under the feet of Hottentots, Basutos and Dahomians. And under the plea of "Christian world-embracing love" and enlightened cosmopolitan humanity, the surplus children of Josh and Foo are invited to come from the Asiatic empires and participate in the scramble for its possession.

Contemptuously sneering demagogues play the music to the cancan of licentious volition, which has taken the place of clear aims and earnest endeavor. "Liberty and humanity" they cry; *divide et impera* they mean.

Keeping the people in breath about trifles, the representatives of diverse nationalities and creeds accumulate money, wherewith they make the will of legislators their own.

A few rich men possess the railroads of the nation without which industry could not exist.

Easily they can "shark up a list of black and white landless resolute, for food and diet, for some enterprise that hath a stomach in it."

And against the possessors of extraordinary means that control men in power and tramps, together with all means of communication by railroad and telegraph, the people have some strangely multi-uniformed fire-crackers and poetry about the spirit of '76.

*Safely to steer our Ship of State over the rapids betwixt the Scylla of an Ochlocracy and the Charybdis of an Imperatordom*, that is our almost too arduous task.

For the preservation of our institutions: *a State whose power is solely directed against evil-doers*, and not employed to ennoble, convert, enlighten or bless the quiet toilers against their will: we need our workmen's sympathies, nay, even their active co-operation.

*We need a "Voice of the People"* that comes not from the biased brains of editors desiring money or influence; nor through throats hoarse from drinks and frantic use at primaries and conventions; we need a voice of the people that sounds not ambiguous like that of the enchanted woman on the tripod

at Delphi who, in her time, made platforms for heroes, as broad as those of our patriots, on which almost every body may stand.

At present, the only distinct voice of the people comes from the workmen united for self-protection, East and West. As the tones of the bass strike our ears from the chorus of the most heterogeneous instruments of an orchestra; so we hear out of the mawkish screams of inflated bag-pipers and overstrung fiddlers in trade-unions, the deep and earnest, though not always melodious voices of the toilers, clear and unmistakably: "We will not give up the degree of comfort to which we are accustomed!—We want to be able to buy of the commodities of life, the products of our own hands, as much as before!"

*Really, it takes no great economical wisdom to see that he who makes and he who sells commodities, may safely join this chorus. What are the drawbacks?*

According to the Christian view of the structure of society, the relation between working-men and master is of a patriarchal nature and rests upon the precept: "Love God above all and thy neighbor as thyself." As it is impossible to love anybody by command, the actual meaning of the law must be, Take the same interest in the welfare of those nearest to you, as perhaps in your own, or your sons. Unquestionably, in the true Christian household, the nearest to one's own flesh and blood were the servants. To take an earnest interest in the fate of one or ten unmarried journeymen, or even of a hundred illiterate farm-hands, *was possible*. In the times of home-industry, employees were, in limited number, under the master's personal eye, at his table, in his guild, in his Church, subordinated to him by a strong public opinion and strict laws, which the surrounding members of the guild were ever ready to enforce.

But to demand from the master of a modern factory with hundreds and thousands of laborers, who live in various parts of large cities, have families of their own, and are governed by the strangest religious and political notions: that he should interest himself in their welfare—*is simply an absurdity*.

Still the law stands, and every young heir is, by Christian or diluted "humane" doctrines, inculcated with the notion that the perfection of a large producer must be a kind of a patriarch, giving happiness and bliss to thousands of thankful servants, who, without the head, would be like a herd without a shepherd.

At maturity, the well-meaning young man finds that his servants frown at his attempts to bless them. And after convincing himself that working-men can not be made happy by exterior influences and that they want to keep their fate in their own hands: he comes to the conclusion, that attempts to establish patriarchal relations between master and workmen amount to unmanly sentimentality, induced by a convulsive grasp to the word "neighbor" in the grand Christian precept. He declares that workmen, thus emancipating themselves from his fostering care, take all the responsibilities for their future welfare upon their own shoulders.

Yet, in the industrial centres, the pious American producer cannot help observing, that the sullen obstention from taking a healthy interest in the "neighbor's" welfare can not quite be in accord with Christianity. He sees it by the fruits. Hence, he sacrifices very much money in providing religion for the working-men *which they do not want*; for religion comes from within; missionaries are for men who know nothing about the gospel; the working-men do not want the thing they know.

Conscious of some neglect of "neighbor's" love somewhere, Americans strike once in a while upon the idea of taking an interest in their working-men's welfare by passing strict excise and other demoralizing moral laws.

The former degrades the Christian religion in the eyes of the poor whom it is to bless; the latter creates hatred.

Next comes the "love of neighbor" as exercised so grandly by earnest Christians of our times in giving alms for all sorts of charitable purposes. But this amounts only to a weak alleviation of misery caused by the impossibility of keeping up institutions which *did prevent* a good deal, perhaps most of it. This sort of charity is the wet-nurse of a lustily growing young tiger—pauperism.

"By the fruits you shall know."

At the same time the enlightened world has talked so much about freedom, that the notion prevails, industry, the field of the average man's actions, had to be kept free from all and every restraint, in order to prosper and yield fruits for its promoters.

From all the foregoing causes it comes that all restraints on men's actions in business have been given up as long as they are not opposed to law. And on the most important domain of the human will's manifestations, this dark natural force rules without restraint, like Saturn eating its own children—the wealth of the country.

Science calls this unbridled manifestation of will in business the law of supply and demand. It has been allowed to create in America a condition of society which can best be characterized by the direct anti-thesis of the fundamental principle of Christian morality: *Love thyself above all and God and thy neighbor for the sake of thyself!*

Yet, the law stands, and certain it is that he who works for me is the nearest to my own blood. Every code provides that under all circumstances workmen are paid first of all.

If, then, charity or love means not, To bless others in a manner that pleases the giver, but repulses the receiver, we must find another interpretation of the law. Who could direct us better than He who made it?

If our people would to-day verbally comply with Christ's frequently given precept, to give every thing to the poor, nothing would be changed in the eyes of God; others would be rich, others poor; and the day after to-morrow the operation would have to be repeated. But, if our rich people, *i.e.*, capitalists, will give up the power which money gives over the poor, a great many things might be changed. Because of this evil power in riches, Christ pronounced it so very difficult that owners thereof could be saved.

True Christian charity, viewed from this side, *consists in the voluntary giving up of a power which the strong man has over his weak neighbor*, so that he may not hide his

pound for fear of the stern nobleman—demand and supply—to whom we are subordinate.

Our ancestors seem to have accepted this interpretation of the law. For they paid far more attention to the bridling of the will of strong men in business, than to the soothing of the injured poor. The guilds of olden times received the Christian master's fostering care, and the stern hand which they extended over all prevented misery.

In our own community we have found it necessary to establish societies for the protection of weak children and dumb animals. We could not even allow the natural love of a mother to her child or the financial interest of men in preserving the health of dumb servants, to work their own way. Society had to interpose, as prosecutor for the weak, against the strong abuser.

By the factory system a great many persons have been made so weak that they can be heartlessly abused by men without moral restraint. Worse than this is the fact that *men who acknowledge moral restraints*, and would not employ a tender child or a young mother, because they are cheap "hands," *are compelled, by the law of supply and demand, to act as if they were individuals who know no bounds in the abuse of laborers*. Hence, the abuse of freedom in industry degrades the whole of the most important body in the nation.

European States, with strong government supervision, do at least protect their industry against adulteration of products. We, with our notions of liberty, can not even do so much. We must allow ourselves to be traduced in the whole civilized world, and "they soil our addition."

All this, and thousand other evils we have to suffer, because we do not make up our minds to the fact, that the good men give up only the possibility of adulterating the product and the necessity of abusing men, against their own will; while rascals in our midst will lose their chances. They will certainly cry out and talk much about personal liberty and middle age despotism, like the collared thief.

To change this state of things, it seems not necessary to set the world ablaze, and eradicate Christianity. If ethical reasons were not strong enough to prompt business-men to action, self-interest should bring them together against "the rats" who gnaw at our reputation abroad and among our workmen, who begin to look upon the most generous employer in the world, the American manufacturer with his golden maxim "Live and let live," as if he were nought but a vampyre, and his unbounded munificence in religious undertakings gifts to bribe the Christian God.

The mighty change in the world's husbandry, from home-industry to the factory-system has come so suddenly that the Christian world is almost, as it were, taken by surprise. For what are a hundred years to development of new human conditions? Society has hardly had time to realize its radically changed formation. The old forms in which the quiet workshop of Luther's time moved, were burst by the mighty steam-engine. But the safety of the engine, the safety of the gnomes who set it ablaze, the safety of its possessor, require that the spirit of the proud burgher, who with one arm had to push off the sleek Romish priest and with the other the knight in armor, shall not die.

This noble spirit, that made heroes of slaves, had for its devise the golden rule, that the whole of the industrial body of a town is responsible not only for the rights and privileges of apprentices, journeymen, and masters; but also for the strict performance of their moral duties toward family, society and State.

Surely, this spirit is able to extend its wing over a whole continent! Not in Europe, but here in our own America, *where no aristocracy is enviously contending against the growth of such a domineering power in the State, as United Industry—with legislative power for its own wants and prosecuting power against contravening members.*

In just accord with the fundamental principle of English Common Law, the American laborers have united for self-protection.

Now the employers must organize, not to make war on workmen, but, in conjunction with the trade-unions, to protect themselves against those in the trade who adulterate the product and abuse their workmen. Price of labor can be agreed on as well as the price of products.

From the two bodies, delegates may be selected to pursue objects in which they have a common interest, namely, sound factory rules, healthy apprenticeship laws, and prevention of strikes. For this purpose a permanent Board of Labor with limited jurisdiction over all men registered as belonging to the trade in either capacity, with power to arrest and bring transgressors to justice, should be established. The functions of the Legal Aid Societies and Mercantile Registers could be performed here. From the State, this Board of Labor will have to obtain the right to define the right and wrong in the workshop.

After this, a higher Council of State may be established for the purpose of looking after public highways, railroads, State officers and other necessary dependencies of industry; to be a final Court of Arbitration in all difficulties, etc. Such a Council would certainly be heard in National and State Legislatures. Congress would no longer but feel its way through the perplexing tariff question; laws affecting industry would receive the attention of knowing, disinterested men, instead of cunning monopolists and smart lawyers.

No matter, if the Government be in republican, democratic or monarchical hands, industry will then always hold its own; the "eternal vigilance," of which the people now talk, would become a fact. Then to keep the vigil would be somebody's business; while it is everybody's, therefore nobody's, now. The united skilled workmen of the nation can not be deceived by politicians.

And the time may come when the incorporated trade-union enrolls every good, and expels every bad man: the botcher, the idler, the immoral; when the trade-union will take care of all its members in distress, and create a healthy public opinion, a strong guardian-angel against the corruption of morality.—It may also occur that the National Council of the

